

Last Cold Kiss

Christy Moore

Two island swans, mated for life,
And his faithful heart would not consider any other wife.
For three years peaceful joy midst the rushes of the pond,
Proud and gentle was the loving of the last two island swans.
Their love was like a circle, no beginning and no end,
With his lady by his side a treasure and best friend.
The pond was all so peaceful in the rising of the sun,
Young and free at the island breeze their life had just begun.
'Til a dread day in November when the searing cold did start,
Stalked the hunter with his bow and put an arrow through her heart.
Husband come to my side let your feathers warm my pain,
For I feel I will not spend another day with you again.
And the cold winds blow,
He was brave but he's laid low.
By her body in the isle of mist,
I saw him give her one last cold kiss, one last cold kiss.
Of swans the people talk of only one in this days tide,
Through they brought him twenty ladies he would take no other bride.
They say he will not move from the place where she did fall,
Once so proud he's beaten now and he will not rise at all.